MARVEL
MYSTERY COMICS
NO. 90
FEBRUARY
MARVEL COMIC
10¢
TORCH! TORCH! SAVE ME!
MY LEGS! THIS SNOW IS KILLING THEIR FLAME! I'M TRAPPED!
IN THIS ISSUE:
"THE GIANT OF THE MOUNTAINS!"

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THE HUMAN TORCH

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? A GIANT IS LOOSE IN THE SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN RANGES OF THE SWISS ALPS! WHERE DOES HE COME FROM? WHAT MAKES SUCH A MONSTER POSSIBLE? THE TRUTH BEHIND THIS STORY IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ***THE HUMAN TORCH*** AND ***SUN GIRL*** USE THEIR FULLEST POWERS TO TRY TO BATTLE

"THE GIANT OF THE ALPS!"

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL ALPINE VILLAGE IN THE SWISS ALPS, AN ARCHED FIGURE HURTLES DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE OF A SKI JUMP AT AN INCREDIBLE PACE...

THERE GOES ERNEST! HIS FORM HAS BEEN IMPROVING GREATLY EACH DAY!

OUI! HE WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTIONAL JUMPER IN TIME!

...TO THE AMAZED ASTONISHMENT OF ALL PRESENT, A GIGANTIC HAND PLUCKS THE JUMPER OUT OF MID-AIR...

SACRE! ZEE HAND IS THAT OF A GIANT!

SUDDENLY, THE MONSTROUS FIGURE REARS, TOWERING ABOVE THE TERRIFIED TYROLEANS...A LEERING MASTER STANDING IN ITS HAIR...

NO, BORKOR...DROP HIM! THAT'S IT! WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

IT-IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF H.G. WELLS! RUN OR IT WILL CRUSH US ALL!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT CAN'T BE!

FASTER, BORKOR! BRUSH THOSE FOOLS OUT OF YOUR WAY!

AIEEEE! IT'S UPON ME! HELP!

WHAT SORT OF CREATURE IS THIS?

MEANWHILE...AT THE "ELF'S HOTEL" TWO MILES AWAY, THE HOTEL MANAGER GREETS A PAIR OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS...

M'SIEUR TORCH...EET IS A PRIVILEGE TO HAVE YOU AND SUN GIRL HONOR THE ELF'S HOTEL WITH YOUR ATTENDANCE!

THANKS! WE'VE BEEN ACHING TO DO SOME SKIING SINCE THE FIRST SNOWS CAME!

JUST THEN, A FEAR-SMITTEN FIGURE RUNS PAST THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS PAIR...

THE GIANT...IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

HEAR THAT, TORCH? SOUNDS A BIT RIDICULOUS!

AND RIDICULOUS IT IS, SUN GIRL! POOR MR. FURGER...THE COGNAC DOES MUCH FOR HIS IMAGINATION!

HA-HA! YES...I UNDERSTAND!

BUT...AS IF IN CONFIRMATION OF THE DIRE WARNING, THE HOTEL STARTS SHAKING VIOLENTLY...

OOOH! IT CANNOT BE ZE EARTHQUAKE!

WHOOPING WOWS, TORCH! I CAN'T STAND ON MY FEET!

AND THEN... CATACLYSMIC DISASTER!

GREAT GULLIVER! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT HAND!

KRA

LOOKS LIKE THAT WARNING WAS GIVEN IN GOOD FAITH! IT IS A GIANT!

THROUGH THE WALLS CRASHES A HUGE FIST!

PARDON ME, WHILE I FLAME OUT OF HERE AND SEE WHO GARGANTUA IS! I'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO HIM...IF I CAN!

HE'S GROPING FOR THAT FLOOR SAFE, TORCH!

OHO! LOOKS LIKE BIG BOY HAS A LITTLE BOY IN HIS HAIR!

THAT'S IT, BORKOR... HOLD ONTO THAT SAFE!

OKAY, GUIDING STAR...TELL YOUR BIG STOOGE TO DROP THE SAFE OR I'LL GIVE YOU AND HIM A SINGE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

(GULP!) THE HUMAN TORCH! BORKOR...GRAB HIM!

A GIGANTIC QUINTET OF FINGERS SUDDENLY ENCIRCLES TORCH, AS DISASTER STRIKES SWIFTLY...

YIPES! A HUMAN NET! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

...AND THE HAND SNAPS SHUT!

TOO LATE! AND HE'S THROTTLED OFF MY AIR SUPPLY! I CAN'T FLAME!

GOOD, BORKOR! GOOD! WE'LL BRING HIM WITH US TO THE LABORATORY, AND DISPOSE OF HIM PROPERLY! GET GOING!

TALK ABOUT CALAMITIES... THIS ONE TOPS EVERYTHING! I'D BETTER FOLLOW ON SKIS! HOPE TORCH DOESN'T SUFFOCATE!

JUST THEN SUN GIRL COMES OUT IN TIME TO SEE THE STRANGE, MONSTROUS SIGHT!

A GRUELING HALF-HOUR LATER...

WHEW! THESE UPHILL CLIMBS ARE WORK! THE GIANT'S DISAPPEARED, BUT HIS FOOTPRINTS ARE EXCELLENT GUIDEPOSTS!

AND SEVERAL MILES AHEAD, THE IMPRESSIVE FIGURE DUCKS INTO A CAVERNOUS OPENING IN A MOUNTAINSIDE...

TO THE LABORATORY, BORKOR! THEN FLING THE SAFE AGAINST THE ROCK WALL!

THE SAFE IS HURLED WITH BRUTE FORCE AGAINST THE CAVERN WALL, AND...

HA! IT OPENED! I'LL GET DOWN NOW!

THERE'S ENOUGH MONEY HERE FOR ME TO CONTINUE MY EXPERIMENTS...HUH? WHAT IS IT, BORKOR? WHY DO YOU HOLD YOUR FIST OUT TO ME?

THE FORMIDABLE FINGERS FLEX OPEN, REVEALING THE LIMP, NEARLY-SMOTHERED FIGURE OF THE HUMAN TORCH!

OH! *THE TORCH!* ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT HIM! HMM-M... HE LOOKS HALF DEAD! STILL BREATHING, THOUGH!

HA! HA! WHAT BETTER TRIBUTE TO THE FLAMING PERSONALITY OF *THE HUMAN TORCH* THAN A COLD, WET GRAVE? *HA! HA!*

MINUTES LATER, SUN GIRL ARRIVES IN TIME TO SEE THE LAST PART OF THE BURIAL CEREMONY...

TOO BAD, TORCH... NO EPITAPH! HOWEVER, THIS SHOVEL WILL BE YOUR UNINSCRIBED GRAVE-MARKER!

SAY, THAT 'S THE MAN WHO WAS GUIDING THE GIANT!

WHEN PROFESSOR GRIMM LEAVES, SUN GIRL APPLIES HERSELF TO THE TASK OF DIGGING UP THE GRAVE...

WONDER WHAT HE BURIED HERE! LOOKS ALMOST LIKE A... *A GRAVE!*

WHILE INSIDE THE CAVERN...

COME, BORKOR! I MUST PUT YOU TO SLEEP WHILE I GO INTO TOWN FOR MY SUPPLIES! IT WON'T HURT YOU! LIE DOWN NOW! THAT'S A GOOD BOY!

THERE...FAST ASLEEP! NOW LET'S SEE...YES, THIS LIST IS COMPLETE! *AHH!* SOMEDAY THE WORLD WILL BOW DOWN TO ME AND *ME ONLY! HA!* I'LL LEAVE NOW!

AND OUTSIDE, SUN GIRL HAS MADE A SURPRISING DISCOVERY...

THANKS, KID! WHEN I WOKE UP IN THAT PIT I THOUGHT MY CAREER WAS AT A FINISH!

WELL, WELL! IMAGINE FINDING *YOU* HERE! *THE HUMAN TORCH... COLD AS A CUCUMBER!*

THERE GOES THE CAUSE OF IT! WAIT'LL HE GETS OUT OF SIGHT, SUN GIRL! THEN WE'LL GO INSIDE THE CAVE!

I'D LIKE A FEW THINGS EXPLAINED TO ME, TORCH... BUT MAYBE THE ANSWERS ARE INSIDE THAT HOLE IN THE MOUNTAINSIDE!

THE DUO DISCOVERS THE SLEEPING GIANT, AND A LITTLE MORE...

WHEW! GOOD THING IT DOESN'T SNORE!

TORCH! TAKE A GANDER AT THE SCRIBBLING INSIDE THIS RECORD BOOK! IT'S A COMBINATION DIARY AND RECORD OF EXPERIMENTS BY THAT MADMAN, PROFESSOR GRIMM!!

LISTEN... "KIDNAPED CHILD FROM GENEVA HOSPITAL...FIRST PHASE OF GROWTH ACCELERATOR SUCCESSFUL... CHILD EIGHTEEN FEET IN HEIGHT AT TWO WEEKS...ALSO DISCOVERED FORMULA FOR IMMEDIATE REDUCTION!"

LET ME SEE THAT REDUCTION FORMULA, BEAUTIFUL!

HMMM... IT'S FAIRLY SIMPLE! WE'VE GOT THE STUFF HERE TO MAKE UP A REDUCTION DOSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SURE .LET'S GIVE IT A TRY! THE BIG BOY'S FAST ASLEEP!

THERE! FINISHED THE DOSE! NOW TO APPLY IT!

HOPE IT WORKS! OOPS!

KRASH!

THAT NOISE WOKE HIM UP!

GET UNDER COVER! I'LL TRY TO ADMINISTER THIS AT ONCE!

TORCH! HE'S AFTER ME!

BACK UP! I'LL FLAME TO SCARE HIM OFF! I'LL LEAVE THIS HAND UNFLAMED NOT TO DESTROY THE REDUCTION SOLUTION!

LIKE SOME PONDEROUS BEAST, THE HUGE HAND OF THE GREAT MONSTER REACHES TOWARD SUN GIRL!

BETTER RUN FOR IT, SUN GIRL! GET OUTSIDE!

I CAN'T! HE'S GOT ME TRAPPED HERE!

THE CHUBBY FINGERS OF THE GIANT SUDDENLY ENCIRCLE SUN GIRL!

TORCH! HE'S GOT ME!

GOT TO TAKE THIS CHANCE! THERE! HOPE THAT REDUCTION SOLUTION IS ACTIVE!

SWIFTLY, SURELY, THE TORCH INJECTS THE SERUM!

MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR GRIMM, IN THE NEARBY TOWN, WAITS IN THE APOTHOCARY FOR HIS CHEMICALS...

ACH, PROFESSOR GRIMM...SOME OF THESE CHEMICALS YOU HAVE BEEN REQUESTING ARE GETTING MORE DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN!

BAH! IF YOU CAN'T KEEP ME SUPPLIED I'LL TAKE MY BUSINESS TO GENEVA!

SUDDENLY...AN EARTH-SHAKING CALAMITY GREETS THE SURPRISED PROFESSOR, AS...

VASS ISS?

NO... NO... IT CAN'T BE! BORKOR!

KRUNCH!

OUTSIDE, GRIMM IS AMAZED TO SEE...

TORCH, ALIVE?

YEAH, MADMAN WE SHOT YOUR PROTEGE FULL OF REDUCTION SOLUTION...SEEMS HE'S GONE BERSERK!

YOU CAN FLAME YOUR ARM SOON AS I TOUCH THE GROUND, TORCH!

TORCH DROPS TO THE GROUND, AND INSTEAD... UNFLAMES!

IDIOTIC FOOLS! THE REDUCTION FORMULA WAS UNTESTED ON BORKOR! YOU MAY DESTROY HIM!

THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO THE DAMAGE YOU URGED HIM TO DO!

NOW HE NEEDS ME... BORKOR! BORKOR! WAIT! WAIT! STOP!

YAHHH! IT'S COMING AFTER US!

SUDDENLY, THE TERRIFIED GRIMM STOPS, AS THE PONDEROUS TREE, SNAPPED AT ITS TRUNK BY BORKOR, STARTS FALLING HIS WAY...

BORKOR! NO... NO...AIEEEEEE!

FLAMING FIREBALLS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!

THE TORCH FLAMES...AND ZOOMS TOWARD THE STRICKEN MAN...BUT...

UH-HI TOO LATE!

BLAM!

YAAAGH!

TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME AND EXTRICATES THE BROKEN, CRUSHED BODY OF THE INFAMOUS GRIMM...

TAKE...TAKE CARE OF HIM, TORCH! HE-HE'S ONLY A BABY! OH HH!

IS HE..?

IT'S ALL OVER!

TORCH! FOR PETE'S SAKE! LOOK!

WOW! INCREDIBLE! WHILE ALL THIS HAPPENED, THE REDUCTION SOLUTION WAS TAKING EFFECT! BORKOR'S DISAPPEARED!

WHAT LUCK! WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO WATCH THE REDUCTION, DURING THE EXCITEMENT! IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED LIKE LIGHTNING! YOU'D NEVER THINK THAT CUTE, SHIVERING KID WAS ONCE THE GIANT!

OH, TORCH.. HE'S CRYING!

WAHHH! WAHHH!

A SPECTATOR LENDS HIS COAT...SUN GIRL SWADDLES THE CHILD IN IT, AND THEN WAITS FOR TORCH'S DECISION...

WE'LL TAKE THE CHILD TO GENEVA AND TRY TO LOCATE ITS PARENTS!

GOOD DEAL...BUT LET'S HURRY! THIS CHILD SHOULD BE WITH THEM!

A HURRIED TELEPHONE CALL TO GENEVA...THE POLICE LOCATE THE FRANTIC PARENTS...AND HOURS LATER, AT THE RAILROAD STATION...

FELIX! FELIX! OH, THANK GOODNESS... HE'S SAFE!

GOSH, TORCH... I COULD CRY!

GO AHEAD! DO SOME FOR ME, TOO!

THE REUNION IS SPIKED WITH AN INVITATION...

WE WERE OUT OF OUR WITS FOR WEEKS! NOW FELIX IS SAFE!

YOU MUST COME TO OUR HOUSE AND BE OUR GUESTS! THAT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION!

THAT EVENING, BEFORE THE FIREPLACE, AFTER A HEARTY DINNER...

THERE'S A WOW OF A STORY IN HERE, FELIX, ABOUT JACK, THE GIANT KILLER! I'LL READ IT TO YOU!

NO, YOU DON'T, TORCH! I'M SURE LITTLE FELIX, IN HIS OWN SMALL WAY, HAS HAD ALL HE WANTS OF GIANTS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

THE END

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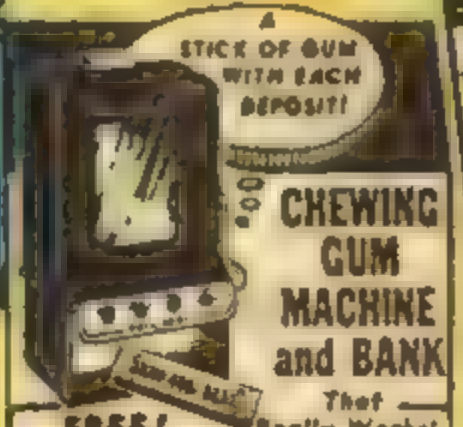

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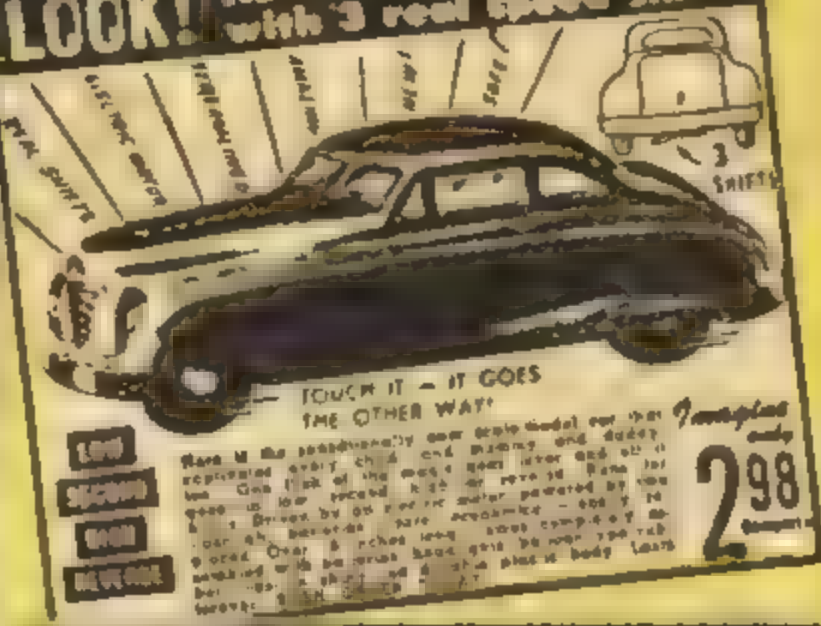

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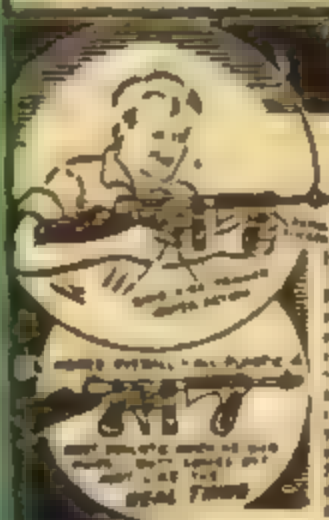
THE RAIDER



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SUB-MARINER

HERE IS A STORY WHICH HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS OF SUSPENSE AND ADVENTURE.. A STORY OF SAVAGERY RUN AMOK IN THE DEEPEST JUNGLES OF VENEZUELA... OF A GIRL CAUGHT IN THE CLUTCHES OF A WILD WAR-TRIBE...OF DANGER AND DEATH ..AND OF THE DANGERS FACED BY *SUB-MARINER* AND NAMORA WHEN THEY BATTLE THE...

"WAR-CRY *OF THE* JUNGLE!"

A-A-A-EEEE!

4260

THROUGH THE WILD, TROPICAL FOREST BORDERING THE GREAT **ORINOCO RIVER** IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN STATE OF **VENEZUELA**, NAMOR AND NAMORA SEARCH FOR **BETTY DEAN** AND A LOST PARTY OF AMERICAN EXPLORERS · · ·

IT WAS RIGHT ABOUT HERE THAT THEY WERE LAST SEEN · · ·

SSSHHH-H! **LOOK, NAMOR!**

JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! **CARIB SAVAGES IN FULL WAR-DRESS!**

THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US · · · **LOOK!** ONE OF THEM DROPPED SOMETHING **WHITE** IN THE WATER! I'LL GET IT · · ·

1

THE WARRIORS OUT OF SIGHT, NAMORA RETRIEVES AND EXAMINES THE FLOATING OBJECT...

A WHITE-MAN'S SUN HELMET! IS THERE A NAME ON THE SWEAT-BAND, NAMORA?

IT SAYS "R.P. DENTON"... WHY, HE WAS ONE OF BETTY'S PARTY! DO YOU SUPPOSE THE CARIBANS KILLED HIM?

PROBABLY! THE CARIBANS ARE ONE OF THE FEW TRIBES WHO STILL PRACTICE **CANNIBALISM!** BUT THERE'S A CHANCE THAT THE OTHERS ARE JUST PRISONERS.... **WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!** YOU TRAIL THAT **WAR-PARTY** BY **WATER**, AND I'LL FOLLOW THEM BY **LAND!**

OKAY! I'M ON MY WAY!

AN HOUR LATER, NAMOR STOPS ABRUPTLY AT THE RIVER'S EDGE...

SUFFERIN' SWAD! THERE THEY ARE! WHAT'S THAT INTERPRETER TELLING THEM?

CHIEFTAIN SAY... WE **SACRIFICE** YOU... TO GODS... YOU NOT WELCOME IN OUR LAND! SO YOU **DIE!**

THE EXPLORERS ARE STUNNED!

OH NO! YOU - YOU CAN'T **DO** THAT! BY - BY GOLLY, IF YOU'RE GOING TO FINISH **ME**, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO **WORK** FOR IT!

BETTY MAKES A SUDDEN DASH TOWARD THE RIVER!

STOP!

FOLLOW ME, MEN! I PREFER LIVING FOR A LONG TIME YET!

OOG HAHGA!

LOOK OUT!

—AND TRIPS!

OOG HAHGA!

GET HER!

OH, NO!

OHOY NAGGAH! WHITE WOMAN TRY TO ESCAPE···MAKE CHIEFTAIN **VERY ANGRY!** SO... SACRIFICE THEM TO OUR GODS! CHIEFTAIN SAY WE START **NOW!**

HOLA!

HEARING THIS, NAMOR FLIES INTO A RAGE!

OH, NO YOU DON'T, BUDDY! YOU'VE GOT THE **SUB-MARINER** TO RECKON WITH, FIRST!

OOP-PH!

YEOW!

I WASN'T **INVITED** TO THIS BANQUET, BUT I DON'T APPROVE OF YOUR **MENU**, ANYWAY!

NAMOR! LOOK OUT!!!

LEEEE-EYAH!

KONK!

HO! NOW···CHIEFTAIN **REAL FURIOUS!** HE SAY... WE FINISH YOU FOR GOOD! NOW HE SEND FOR CHIEF **EXECUTIONER!**

MEANWHILE, HIDING ON THE RIVER BANK·

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE THE KIDS ARE **REALLY** IN TROUBLE···AND I CAN'T HANDLE ALL THOSE BABIES **ALONE!** I'LL HAVE TO DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION··· BUT **QUICK!**

NAMORA SWIMS RAPIDLY A HUNDRED YARDS DOWNSTREAM · · ·

A CRUDE **LEVEE**, DAMMING THE RIVER FROM A DRY BRANCH! SAY! THIS GIVES ME AN **IDEA!**

RACING BACK TO THE BANK AT THE EDGE OF THE SETTLEMENT, SHE QUIETLY CONFISCATES SEVERAL UNGUARDED WAR-CANOES · · ·

THIS MAY BE CRAZY STRATEGY, BUT— **IT'S GOT TO WORK!!!**

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER FRANTIC SPLIT-SECOND WORK · · ·

CANE STALKS TIED TOGETHER WITH RIVER-RUSHES · · · FROM A DISTANCE THEY'LL LOOK LIKE **CAMOUFLAGED WARRIORS** — I **HOPE!**

MEANWHILE · · ·

BRING GIRL AND STRANGE MAN TO SACRIFICIAL ALTAR · · · CHIEFTAIN SAY WASTE NO MORE TIME! OTHER PRISONERS WILL WITNESS CEREMONY · · · **COME!**

IMMEDIATELY, NAMOR AND BETTY ARE LED TO A HUGE FUNERAL PYRE, AND PLACED ON TOP OF IT · · · · · · ·

NAMOR! CAN THEY BE **SERIOUS**? WILL THEY REALLY GO THROUGH WITH IT?

I'M AFRAID SO, BETTY! I WONDER WHERE NAMORA IS?

I SAY, JEPSON, THE **SUB-MARINER'S** SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHING OF A SUPERHUMAN - BUT HE OBTAINS HIS STRENGTH FROM **WATER**, AND HE'S **DRY AS A BONE** NOW! HOW CAN HE **POSSIBLY** GET US OUT OF **THIS** FIX?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT— **LISTEN!** THE CHIEFTAIN SEEMS TO BE SAYING SOMETHING···

O SACRED GOD OF SUPREME MIGHT! WE HUMBLY OFFER UP THESE FOREIGN INFIDELS IN THE **HOLY RITE OF SACRIFICE**, AND PRAY THAT THEIR HEARTS' BLOOD WILL APPEASE YOUR ANGER, AND GIVE US THE **STRENGTH** TO DEFEAT **OUR ENEMIES!**

A HUGE SAVAGE STEPS UP TO THE VICTIMS!

GREAT HEAVENS! LOOK AT THE **SIZE** OF THAT **KNIFE**, NAMOR!

DON'T GIVE UP, BETTY! WHERE THERE'S **LIFE** THERE'S **HOPE!**

THE **HEADSMAN** LUNGES FIRST AT BETTY - BUT···

NOT SO FAST, NATURE-BOY! IF YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY AT **BUTCHERING**, YOU CAN START WITH **ME!**

SUB-MARINER MAKES A VISE OF HIS LEGS, CATCHING THE SAVAGE IN A GRIP OF IRON!

SUDDENLY···

EEE-YIII-@@@@!

WAR CRIES!

THE ENEMY!

TO THE RIVER! THE SACRIFICE MUST WAIT! STRIKE DOWN THE INVADERS! ALL WARRIORS TO THE CANOES!!!

EEYIIIY! HOY! YAHOO! KILL THE INVADERS!

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! IF WHAT I'M THINKING IS TRUE, WE'RE PRACTICALLY OUT OF THIS! AND — LOOK, BETTY!, ONLY ONE OLD MAN LEFT TO GUARD US!

ON THE RIVER . . .

THERE THEY ARE, O CHIEFTAIN!

ATTACK!

EEEEYOIYEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

WITH A HAIR-RAISING WAR CRY, THE UNSUSPECTING SAVAGES ATTACK THE CAMOUFLAGED CANOES—HURLING POISONED ARROWS IN THE "ENEMIES'" PATH! WHAT THEY THINK IS A VICTORIOUS MASSACRE IS REALLY NAMORA'S PLAN WORKING TO PERFECTION!

MEANWHILE, DOWNSTREAM - UNDERWATER · · ·

NOW TO **REMOVE** THIS **KEY STONE** IN THE DAM — AND **SEE WHAT HAPPENS!**

INSTANTLY, **THE DAM BREAKS!!!**

LOOK OUT!

THE CURRENT'S CARRYING US OFF THE RIVER! **WE'LL GO OVER THE ANCIENT RAPIDS!**

—AND THOSE WAR CANOES WERE **FAKED!** THIS IS A **TRAP!!!**

OOGAH!

NAMORA RACES BACK TO THE SETTLEMENT · · ·

THAT DISTRACTED 'EM, ALL RIGHT! **SAY—!** JUST **ONE** WARRIOR GUARDING THE PRISONERS— **GOOD!** THIS **SPEAR**, AND MY GOOD RIGHT ARM, AND · · ·

NAMORA'S TRUE AIM KNOCKS THE GUARD OUT COLD!

YU-I-IYEEEEE!!!

CRACK!

QUICKLY, NAMORA PICKS UP A FALLEN MACHETE · · ·

COME ON, KIDDIES—TIME WE WOKE UP FROM THIS **NIGHTMARE!**

GOOD WORK, NAMORA! YOU COULDN'T HAVE TIMED IT BETTER!

THERE'S A COUPLE OF **CANOES** LEFT — LET'S **GET OUT OF HERE**, WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD!

IF WE CAN ONLY SLIP PAST THE DAM WITHOUT BEING **SEEN!**

SECONDS LATER · · ·

HOY-AH! THERE THEY ARE! AFTER THEM!!!

OH-OH! TOO LATE! SOME OF 'EM MUST HAVE ESCAPED THE RAPIDS! KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN!

THIS WILL NEVER DO! COME ON, NAMORA — LET'S GIVE 'EM THE OLD TIDAL WAVE ROUTINE! FOLLOW ME!

YI!

HELP!

UGH!

GLURP!

GLUB!

WHOOSH

WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE, SUB-MARINER DIVES UP UNDER THE BOAT, LIFTING IT OUT OF THE WATER AND CREATING HAVOC!

IF ANY OF 'EM CAN SWIM, THEY JUST MIGHT SURVIVE! BUT WE'RE SAFE — LET'S GET BACK TO THE OTHERS!

HA! IF ANY OF 'EM DO SURVIVE, IT ISN'T LIKELY THEY'LL FOLLOW US NOW!

FOUR HOURS LATER, THE QUINTET REACHES THE SEA · · ·

WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES, NAMORA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'D HAVE DONE IF YOU AND THE SUB-MARINER HADN'T FOUND US!

FORGET IT, DOCTOR! I'M JUST SORRY WE WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE YOUR FRIEND DENTON, TOO · · ·

· · · AND THE FOLLOWING DAY · · ·

WELL - THERE'S ANOTHER FEATURE-STORY FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE STATES, BETTY!

GOSH! I WAS JUST WONDERING WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF NAMORA HADN'T KNOWN HOW TO GIVE THE WAR-CRY OF THE CARIB'S ENEMIES!

THE END

"HELLO there, son. You're the new club member, aren't you? Well, sit right down and take it easy a while. Which is your boat? Oh . . . that red sloop out at the end of the dock, eh? Nice looking job . . . a real man's boat.

"Yep, sure is nice to see nothing but real men around the Yacht Club now. For a while there this here club was going straight to pieces, but I guess you heard about that blow-up, didn't you?

"What's that? Nobody ever told you! Well then, son, it's about time you got brought up to date on the history of our organization. We're a proud old bunch in these parts and I guess you'll feel the same way when you hear about Sam the Beachcomber and how he came to be elected Commodore of the Club.

"You see, 'way back in colonial days, this outfit was more'n a club . . . that came later . . . it was a real honest-to-goodness sailing outfit. The folks that lived along the shore here used to sail out to ships that had been abandoned during a storm or something and salvage all they could. That was the way the people made their living.

"Plenty of times they saved all the people on board those ships too, and many were the good men lost attempting a difficult rescue. In those days the men had a fleet of small, fast craft that could get before the wind and outsail anything afloat. Came in mighty handy during the Revolution, too. In those days they'd patrol the seas beyond the horizon, spot British warships coming in and scoot back to warn the people so they'd have their defenses ready.

"It was the custom then that the fellow who owned the biggest boat in the club was automatically elected Commodore. Well, that rule just followed right down the line until this very day. After the Revolution the seafaring ships were made bigger and stronger and hardly ever broke up in the storms, so the people here turned to fishing. Finally all that was left of the adventuresome days was the Yacht Club here where the boys used to gather to talk over old times.

"Anyway, it wasn't so long ago that a lot of high-faluting tourists with more money than brains found this town, and they flocked in here like ducks on a pond. Before long you couldn't recognize the place. Each one wanted a bigger house than the next one, and it wasn't safe to cross the street anymore for fear of being run down by a limousine.

"It didn't take those snooty folks long to discover the Yacht Club. A few of them got in and that was the end of it for old timers like us. They voted in more and more of their friends until we got disgusted and hardly ever come near the place. They spent a fortune putting up this building and fixing the dock and all. Maybe it's a good thing they did. The old building would have fallen in by now.

"Well, the rules of the club are that anybody with a boat can belong to the club, and the one with the biggest boat is the Commodore. They went and spent millions on yachts trying to have the biggest one afloat. In the old days Henry Coogan was the Commodore for thirty years because he had a sixteen ton sloop, but to them rich fellers, that was no better than a dory.

"They put up signs that no self-respecting sailor would stand for. Why, we even had to wipe

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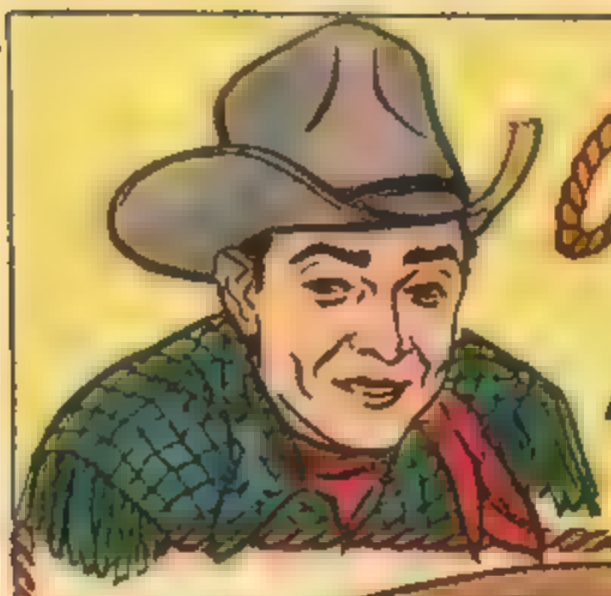

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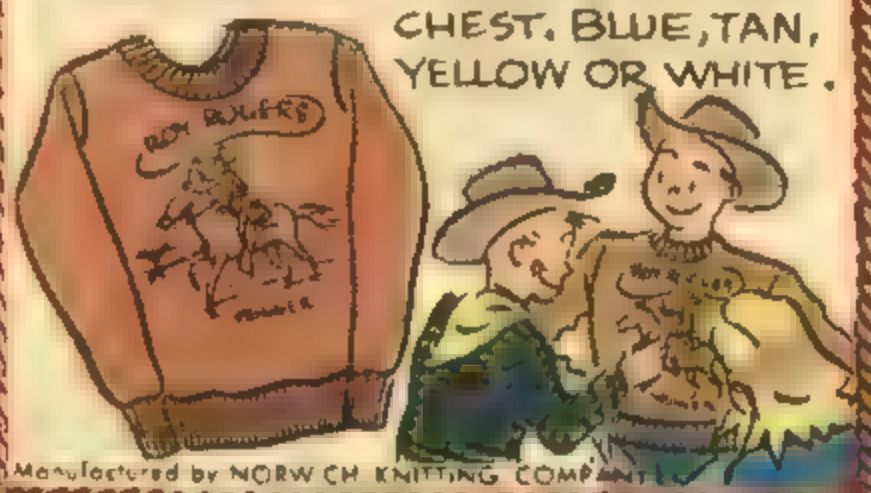

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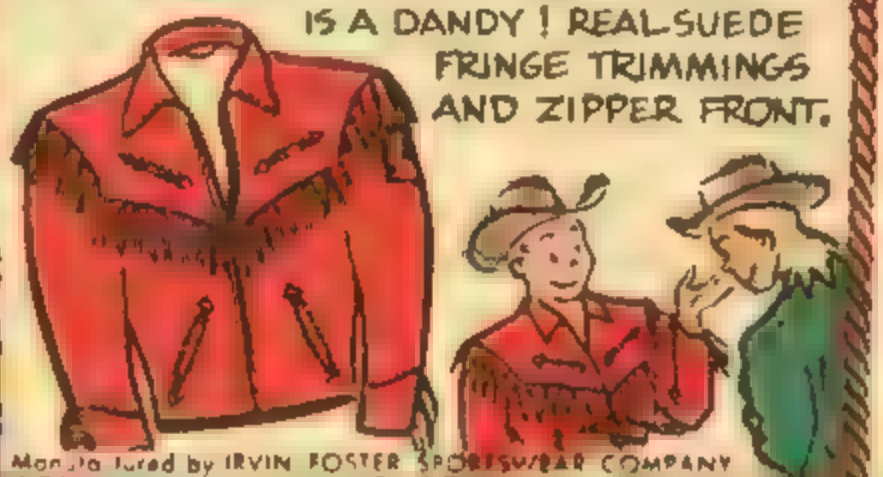

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HURRY — MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

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the mud off our shoes before we went inside! The women went and put curtains on the windows and tried to get rid of our trophies, but we snagged them in time.

"It was awful. First one, then the other would drop out of the club. Sure, we were mad, but what could we do about it? I used to go down the beach where Sam, the Beachcomber spent his time dragging in stuff from the surf to sell to the junkie, and we'd talk about the good old days, but that never got us anywhere.

"Sam, you know, was a former club member too, but he broke so many rules they told him to stay out. A fine thing! Why, Sam was the one that put up the dock, and all his own work, too! They wouldn't let him in the club because he always needed a shave and would never wear a coat. Yep, the Yacht Club sure fell apart at the seams. Some of the other boys would drop in once in a while, but they always felt out of place and never stayed long.

"It was while the big race for Commodore was on that Sam called a general meeting of old members. We gathered down in his shack and he asked us how we'd like to take over the club once more. Naturally, we were all for that, of course, but he wouldn't let us in on his scheme. He told us to be down at the club that Saturday afternoon for the monthly meeting . . . without fail.

"We figgered and figgered, but we couldn't see how Sam was going to get all those stiff shirts out and us back in again. We did find out that he got some of the younger fellers . . . boys what had been in the navy during the last war . . . to help him out, but even they wouldn't talk.

"It seemed like Saturday would never come, but when it did we all showed up for the meeting. Boy, you should have seen their faces when we came up the walk. We sat down on the dock and listened to the chatter and heard a couple of fat guys argue about whose boat was the biggest. Right then one of them stopped with his mouth wide open and pointed to the cove. Yep, my eyes bugged out too.

"Around the sand spit that forms the cove comes Johnny Leeds in his power dory, and being towed behind him is the biggest submarine you ever laid eyes on! And who do you think is shouting orders from the conning tower? That's right . . . Sam, the Beachcomber. They pull up to the dock and Sam steps down and takes over the meeting. Right then he tells those big wigs that he is taking over the job as Commodore because his submarine is bigger than anything that's ever been in the bay.

"Son, there were more red faces that day than on a beachful of sun bathers. Half them people just got up without a word and marched off. You think they wanted a raggedy guy like Sam for Commodore? Shucks, no! Some of the men tried to argue about it, and they even called in the government, but that submarine . . . yep, the one you see right out there floating at anchor . . . was Sam's own personal property!

"What did you say? Oh . . . how'd he get it. Well, one day when he's beachcombing he sees this thing that looks like a periscope. It kept coming up and up. Sam rowed out to it, and sure enough, it was a Nazi submarine. It stayed just a little under the water, rising about an inch an hour. Sam got an anchor on it and kept it there. Then one night he and the boys went out to find it right up on the surface. Johnny Leeds was a sub man himself, you know, and he got it open.

"Not a soul was inside, and there was evidence that all the men had escaped through the safety hatch. From the barnacles and seaweed on it, the sub had been under for almost five years. You see, what had happened was this . . . one day the sub must have crash-dived, and something stuck in the valve system so she couldn't surface again. Well, ever since then the compressed air in her tanks had been leaking back into the hull containers very slowly until she blowed herself right to the surface!

"Hey . . . there's Sam now. Come on over and meet the Commodore, son!"

THE END

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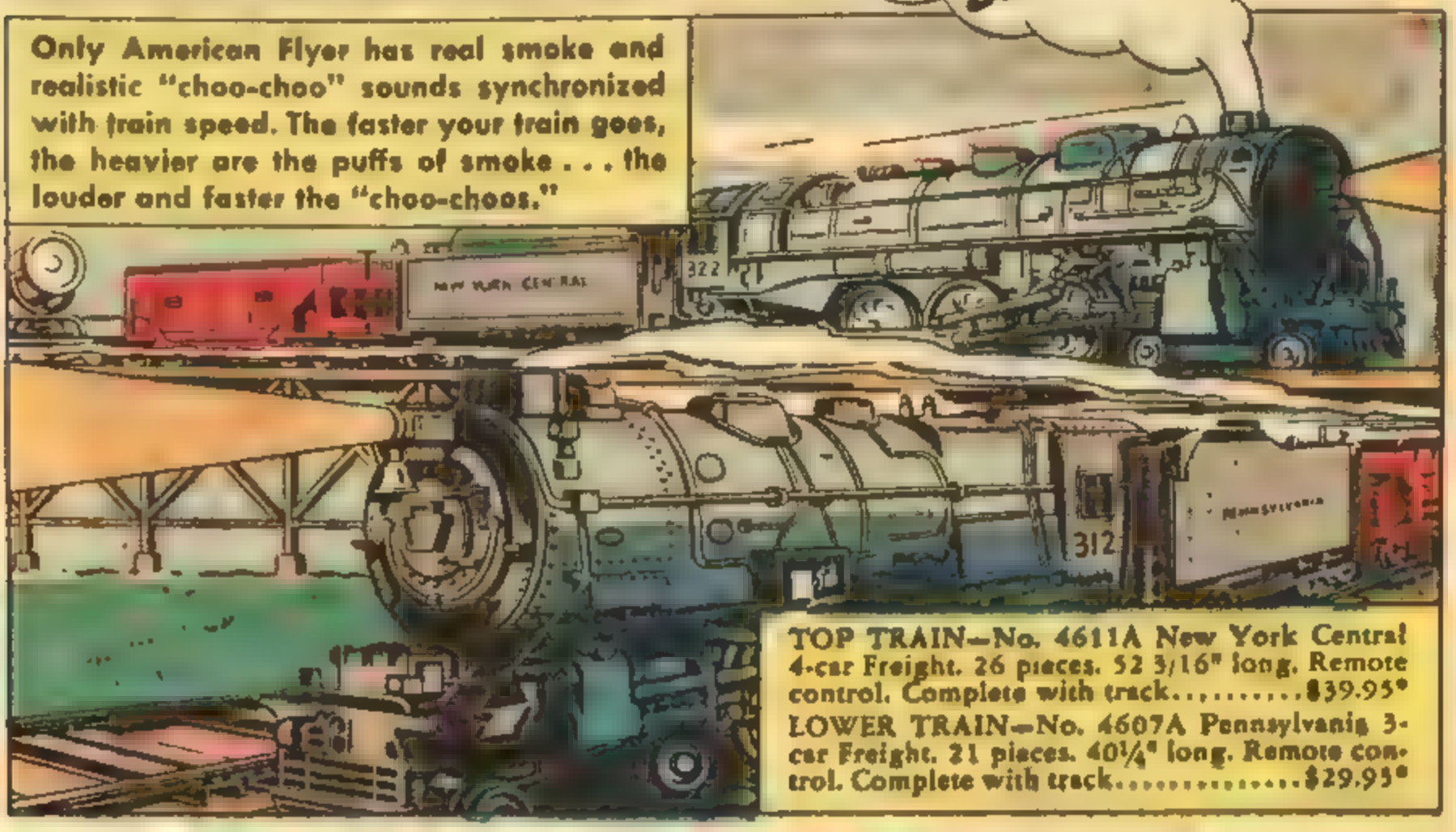

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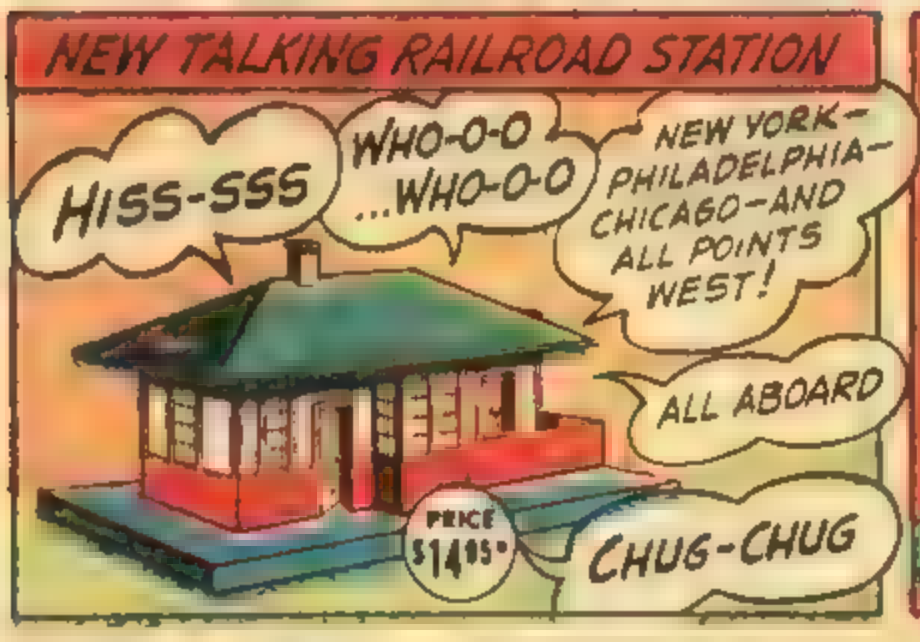

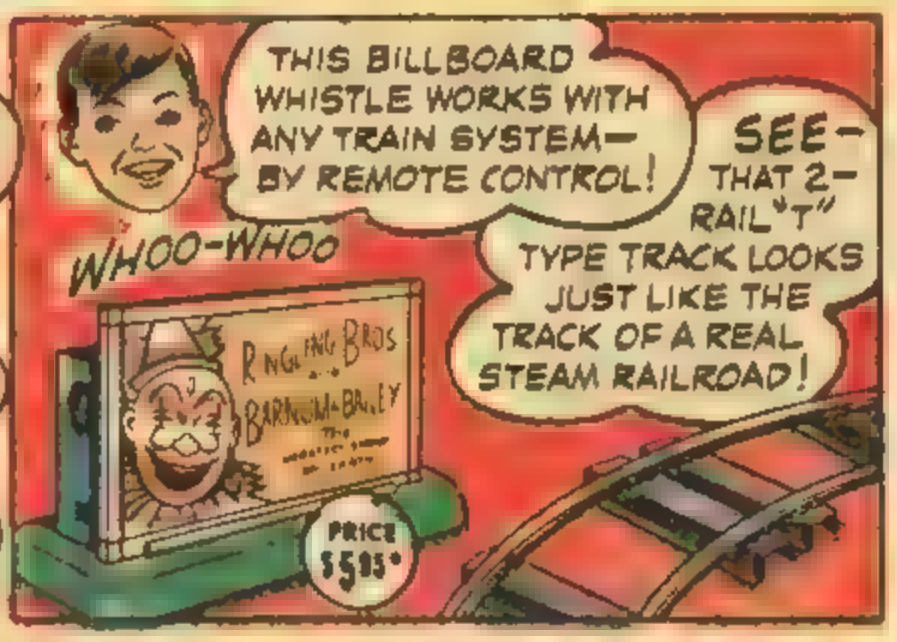
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BLONDE PHANTOM

"UNMASKED!"

SO! IT'S YOU, LOUISE!

WHAT GOES ON? IS IT TRUE? IS SHE EXPOSED AT LAST? WHOSE HAND IS TEARING OFF THE MASK THAT HIDES THE IDENTITY OF THE GLAMOR-GIRL OF CRIMEFIGHTERS... ***THE BLONDE PHANTOM?*** THE ANSWER WILL ASTOUND YOU AS YOU FOLLOW THIS CRAZY PATCH-QUILT OF INTRIGUE, ADVENTURE AND... ***DANGER!*** FOR HERE IS THE STORY OF THE ONE TIME WHEN LOUISE GRANT AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM FACED ***EACH OTHER!***

4180

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN EVEN A PRIVATE DETECTIVE HAS SOMETHING ON HIS MIND...

POOR MARK! HE REALLY SEEMS TO HAVE A PROBLEM! I WONDER WHAT'S BOTHERING HIM...

I WISH HE'D TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG! IF ***LOUISE GRANT*** CAN'T DO ANYTHING, THEN SURELY THE ***BLONDE PHANTOM*** CAN!

1

LET'S TAKE A LOOK INTO MARK'S MIND AND SEE WHAT IT IS THAT'S TROUBLING HIM...

IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE I'VE SEEN THE BLONDE PHANTOM! I WONDER WHERE SHE'S BEEN KEEPING HERSELF?

WHY COULDN'T I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SOME NICE UNCOMPLICATED GIRL LIKE LOUISE? WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SOMEONE WHOSE REAL IDENTITY I DON'T EVEN KNOW?

BUT, WHY SHOULDN'T I KNOW WHO SHE *REALLY* IS? WHY *SHOULD* IT BE A *SECRET*?

LOUISE, COME HERE, *QUICKLY!*

WHAT IS IT, MARK? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WRITE A NOTE TO THE BLONDE PHANTOM, AND RUN IT IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE TIMES!

THE BLONDE PHANTOM?

YES, OF *COURSE!* WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT *THAT*?

OH, NOTHING! PROCEED, BOSS!

BLONDE PHANTOM, MEET ME AT THE MAIN STREET WAREHOUSE, TONIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT! THERE'S GOING TO BE A HOLDUP...

...AND THE FEATURE ATTRACTION WILL BE THE *UNVEILING OF THE BLONDE PHANTOM!*

THAT NIGHT, IN LOUISE'S APARTMENT...

WELL, IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK! I'D BETTER HURRY IF I'M GOING TO KEEP MY APPOINTMENT WITH MARK!

A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.. AND LOUISE GRANT BECOMES THE BEAUTEOUS BLONDE PHANTOM...

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS! I WONDER WHY MARK NOTIFIED *ME* INSTEAD OF THE *POLICE!*

BUT, IF I KNOW MARK, HE MUST HAVE HAD A PRETTY GOOD REASON!

I'LL DRIVE IN THIS ALLEY! IT WOULDN'T EVER DO FOR MARK MASON TO SEE LOUISE GRANT'S CAR NEAR HERE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I'D BETTER BE PRETTY CAREFUL! THE HOLDUP THUGS MAY HAVE PLANTED A LOOKOUT! OH! FOOTSTEPS!

TAP! TAP! TAP!

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! WHY, IT'S ONLY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! GUESS I'VE GOT THE JUMPS!

GOLLY, BUT IT'S DARK! WELL, HERE GOES...

INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...

I GUESS MARK ISN'T HERE YET! WELL, MAYBE IT WON'T HURT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

IF THE HOLDUP MEN ARE HERE, I SURE HOPE THEY AREN'T LISTENING VERY CAREFULLY!

CREAK!

CREAK!

IT'S JUST *TOO* QUIET AROUND HERE! I HAVE THE FEELING THAT SOMEONE'S WATCHING ME!

I'VE GOT YOU!

WHAT!

HEY! QUIT! HELP!

THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK!

NOTHING'S AS SWEET TO MY EARS AS THE SOUND OF A HOODLUM BOUNCING DOWN THE STEPS!

AAAAH!

NOW..SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHERE YOUR FRIENDS ARE!

WAIT, BLONDE PHANTOM! IT'S ME... MARK MASON!

WHY... MARK!

MARK...OH...MARK... WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? DID I HURT YOU?

NO, I'M ALL RIGHT. BUT I'M AFRAID THIS IS GOING TO HURT YOU!

BUT I HAVE TO KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

MARK! MARK! DON'T!

MARK SWIFTLY TEARS THE MASK FROM HER FACE... REVEALING...

LOUISE! LOUISE GRANT!

NOW YOU KNOW! NOW EVERYTHING IS SPOILED! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT, MARK?

CAN IT BE TRUE?... IS MARK MASON TO KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE BLONDE PHANTOM, AT LAST?

BUT, WAIT A MINUTE, BLONDE PHANTOM...

YOU BET EVERYTHING IS SPOILED! LOUISE GRANT, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE YOUR NERVE... IMPERSONATING THE BLONDE PHANTOM!

HE DOESN'T CATCH ON!

NOW... WHY DID YOU DO IT? SUPPOSE THERE HAD REALLY BEEN A HOLDUP TONIGHT! YOU WOULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING!

I'M SORRY, MARK... BUT IT WAS JUST THAT YOU WERE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE BLONDE PHANTOM AND I... I WAS JUST JEALOUS!

NOW, I NEVER WILL FIND OUT WHO THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS!

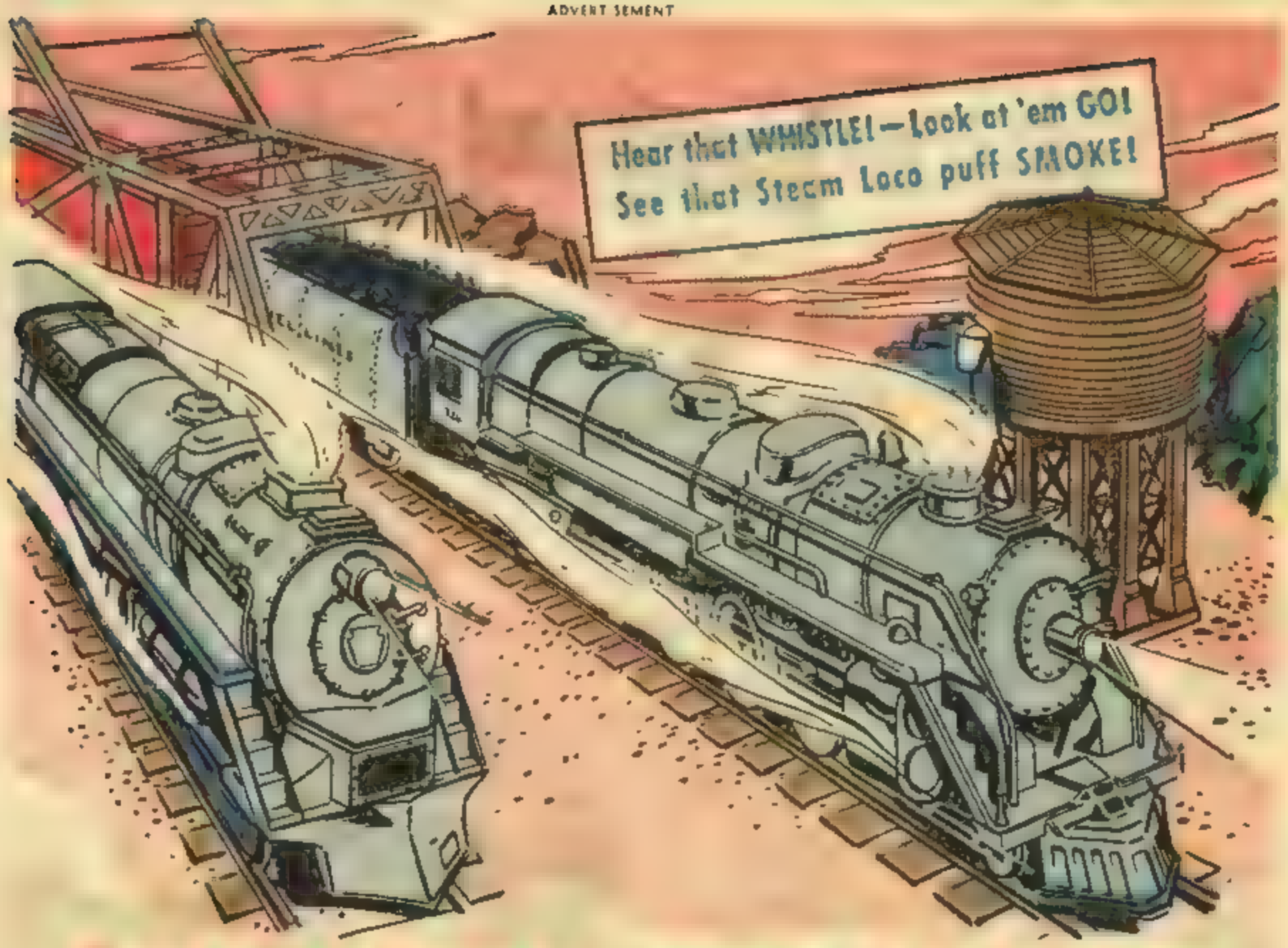
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

BUT IT'S HARD TO STAY ANGRY ON A ROMANTIC NIGHT...

SO YOU WERE JEALOUS OF THE BLONDE PHANTOM, EH? YOU KNOW, I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT YOU DO LOOK SORT OF CUTE IN THAT BLONDE PHANTOM COSTUME!

UMM! A MOON... A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT... AND MARK! WHO CARES WHO THE BLONDE PHANTOM REALLY IS!

THE END



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SUN GIRL

WHAT IF YOU LOOKED OUT OF YOUR WINDOW ONE NIGHT AND SAW THIS SIGHT BEFORE YOU IN THE SKIES? IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT? AND YET... THAT LITTLE STAR YOU SEE GLISTENING IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT *CAN* BE THE OBJECT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU NOW! IT IS STILL UP THERE, THE ANSWER TO A GRIM SECRET LOCKED WITHIN ITS BODY... A SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO *SUN GIRL* AND YOU WHEN YOU READ...

"The *VENGEANCE* of the SPACE MONSTER!"

A METALLIC-SHEATHED HORROR FLOATS DREARILY THROUGH THE AIR, WITH A SCREAMING VICTIM CLUTCHED IN A WRITHING TENTACLE... AS SUN GIRL PLAYS A STAR ROLE IN A DRAMA OF TERROR!

YAH-H-H! STOP IT, SUN GIRL! DO SOMETHING... *PLEASE,* I'LL DIE IN THE RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE!

YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE, ELMO! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? ARE WE STARTING A STORY IN THE MIDDLE? RIGHT! FIRST.., MEET ELMO VANDAL WHO, AS YOU CAN SEE, IS PRETTY MUCH IN TROUBLE!

NO... NOT YET! THE MAGNET-MACHINE MAY BE ABLE TO BRING THAT MONSTER BACK!

YES. .THERE'S A CHANCE IF WE HURRY!

NEXT, MEET PROF. LOWE, WHO THINKS HIS INVENTION WILL SAVE ELMO!

STOP! I WON'T LET YOU SAVE THAT MURDERER'S MISERABLE LIFE! I'LL SHOOT ANYONE WHO GOES THROUGH THIS DOOR!

INEZ! AS YOUR FATHER, I COMMAND YOU TO PUT THAT GUN DOWN!

IT'S NO USE, PROFESSOR LOWE!

AND NOW IT'S TIME TO MEET A THIRD PARTY, INEZ, LOWE'S DAUGHTER, WHOSE HAND HOLDS A DANGEROUS GUN, BLOCKING THEIR ENTRANCE TO GET TO THE MAGNET-MACHINE, THE ONLY THING THAT CAN SAVE ELMO'S LIFE!

... SHE'S DETERMINED WE DON'T USE THE MAGNET-MACHINE... AND NOTHING ELSE WILL BRING THE COSMIC CREATURE BACK TO EARTH!

(SOB!) HE-HE MURDERED ROGER... KILLED HIM! (SOB!) NOW IT'S HIS TURN TO DIE!

WITH TERRIFIC SPEED, SUN GIRL WHEELS AROUND TO CATCH INEZ OFF GUARD...

NO! DON'T PLEASE... LET HIM DIE!

SORRY, INEZ... WE'VE GOT TO SAVE ELMO VANDAL EVEN IF HE IS A KILLER!

BUT... THERE WAS A TIME WHEN INEZ LOWE WOULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING FOR ELMO VANDAL... ESPECIALLY THAT DAY WHEN HER FATHER FIRST BROUGHT HER TO HIS LABORATORY A FEW WEEKS AGO... AND SHE WAS INTRODUCED TO HIS ASSISTANT... ROGER REED...

DAD'S TOLD ME QUITE A LOT ABOUT YOU, ROGER!

SWELL! YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF TO MAKE IT EVEN!

I HOPE THE MAGNET-MACHINE IS SHAPING UP, ELMO! I PROMISED SUN GIRL AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU THIS AFTERNOON!

ANY TIME, PROFESSOR LOWE... DOES SHE KNOW THE NATURE OF THIS WORK?

VAGUELY! I EXPLAINED YOUR THEORY OF THE DIVISION OF COSMIC RAYS... NEW COSMIC RAYS... AND HOW YOU INTEND TO DRAW THEM FROM OUTER SPACE INTO YOUR LAB WITH THE MAGNET-MACHINE

PRECISELY!

ELMO! COME OVER HERE AT ONCE! LOOK AT WHAT I SPOTTED IN THE TELESCOPE!

PARDON ME, PROFESSOR LOWE!

I WAS SHOWING INEZ HOW THE SCOPE WORKED, WHEN I PICKED UP THIS OBJECT... IT'S ABOUT NINE THOUSAND MILES OUT IN SPACE...

LET ME HAVE A LOOK!

IT'S SOME SORT OF METALLIC SPHERE... *LISTEN!* THE COSMIC INDICATORS ARE DRONING AWAY!

ZZZZZ

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ELMO?

THE WAY THE INDICATORS ARE JUMPING AROUND LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT THE SPHERE HAS SOME SORT OF COSMIC RELATION... BUT *WHAT IS IT? WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?*

SUDDENLY... THE ENIGMA OF THE SPACE-SPHERE GIVES WAY TO THE APPEARANCE OF *SUN GIRL!*

I'VE BEEN KNOCKING ON THE DOOR FOR TWO MINUTES! I HEARD VOICES INSIDE... *SO HERE I AM!*

OH... *SUN GIRL!* WE'RE SORRY... BUT SOMETHING *AMAZING* HAS HAPPENED AND AND WE WERE ALL VERY ABSORBED!

AFTER THE PROPER INTRODUCTION, PROFESSOR LOWE REVEALS THE SPACE DISCOVERY TO SUN GIRL!

...AND YOU BELIEVE, MR. VANDAL, THAT THIS SPHERE HAS SOME SORT OF COSMIC INTELLIGENCE!

NOT THE SPHERE BUT WHAT'S *INSIDE...* NOTICE THE RHYTHMIC PULSATIONS OF THE INDICATOR... AS... AS IF A SIGNAL WERE BEING GIVEN!

WITHOUT WARNING, ONE OF THE ELECTRO-TUBES EXPLODES!

MY EYES!

GREAT SUNS! SOME OF THOSE SPARKS LASHED OUT AT HIM!

NO! I-I'M ALL RIGHT!

I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!

HMM! WHAT A PECULIAR GLAZE IN HIS EYES! AND THAT GRIM EXPRESSION

PLEASE...I WANT ALL OF YOU TO CLEAR OUT! ROGER AND I HAVE WORK TO DO!

OF COURSE, ELMO! WE UNDERSTAND!

PRIVATE

GRACIOUS, FATHER! MR. VANDAL LOOKED QUITE ANGRY! DO YOU THINK HE'S ALL RIGHT?

THE SHOCK UPSET HIM A BIT! HE'LL BE OKAY! I'M SORRY YOUR INTERVIEW SOURED, SUN GIRL, BUT IT WILL BE NO GOOD TO DISTURB HIM NOW!

ABOUT A MONTH LATER, AS SUN GIRL WINDS UP HER REPORT ON THE STRANGE EVENTS!

I-I HATE TO DISTURB YOU, SUN GIRL, BUT IT'S ABOUT ELMO AND ROGER...

YOU CAN WEEP ON MY SHOULDER, INEZ! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

EVER SINCE THE ACCIDENT, ELMO HAS CHANGED! ROGER TOOK ME INTO THE LAB YESTERDAY, AND ELMO PRACTICALLY THREW ME OUT!

THEY BOTH HAVE BEEN WORKING HARD LATELY, HAVEN'T THEY?

YES... NIGHT AND DAY TO IMPROVE THE MAGNET-MACHINE ELMO ESPECIALLY... AS IF AN EVIL POWER HAS PUT SOME MAD PURPOSE BEHIND HIM! FUNNY, BUT I THINK THAT SPHERE ROGER DISCOVERED HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH! GO TO A MOVIE... HOME... ANY PLACE! KEEP OCCUPIED UNTIL THEY'VE FINISHED THEIR WORK!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR FALLING IN LOVE WITH A SCIENTIST!

THAT EVENING, SUN GIRL DISCARDS HER WORK FOR A MORE IMPORTANT TASK...

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER PLAYED CUPID, AND I... *GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT COMING DOWN?*

IT'S THE *COSMIC SPHERE!*

SLOWLY, PONDEROUSLY, THE STRANGE MASS OF METAL SETTLES DOWN ON THE EARTH! THE TIME HAS COME FOR A SHOW-DOWN BETWEEN HUMAN AND...MONSTER!

THE MAGNET-MACHINE'S A SUCCESS, ROGER! WE'VE BROUGHT THE SPHERE IN ON THE COSMIC BEAM!

BE CAREFUL, ELMO! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS ALIEN OBJECT IS!

A GLISTENING TENTACLE LUMBERS OUT OF A PORTHOLE, WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND ELMO...

I'LL BLAST THAT ARM TO PIECES!

NO, ROGER, *DON'T SHOOT!*

AS IF IN DREAD TERROR OF THE METAL SLUGS, THE TENTACLE WHIPS ABOUT TO AVOID THE ILL-AIMED SHOTS!

STOP IT, YOU FOOL!

BANG! BANG!

WHEW! THAT SWEEP ALMOST POLISHED YOU OFF!

ULP!

SUN GIRL'S TACKLE SAVES ROGER FROM A CLUTCHING TENTACLE THAT JUST MISSES HIM!

BUT THE WRITHING ARM FINDS A GOLDEN-HAIRED VICTIM... *SUN GIRL!*

GOOD GRIEF! THIS THING'S GOT ME!

OOF!

...AND THROWS HER AGAINST THE BRANCH OF A TREE WITH A POWERFUL JOLT!

UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE TERRIFIC IMPACT, SUN GIRL IS UNAWARE OF THE STARTLING DRAMA UNFOLDING BELOW HER...

YOU ALMOST WRECKED EVERYTHING, IDIOT! THE COSMIC SPHERE HAS AN INTELLIGENCE SUPERIOR TO OURS! IT WAS INSTRUCTING ME ALL THE WHILE HOW TO BUILD THE MAGNET-MACHINE TO GUIDE IT TO EARTH!

YES... *IT* CAUSED THE "ACCIDENT"! THE SURGE OF COSMIC ENERGY INTO MY BRAIN ATTUNED ME TO THE SPHERE'S THOUGHTS! WE HAVE GREAT PLANS TOGETHER... POSSIBLY *WORLD CONQUEST!* IT'S TRAVELLED ONE BILLION LIGHT-YEARS JUST TO FIND *ME!*

ELMO, YOU'RE RAVING *NONSENSE!*

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, PROFESSOR LOWE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE ABOUT TO ROUND A CURVE LEADING TO ELMO VANDAL'S LABORATORY...

SORRY TO DRAG YOU UP HERE, DAD, BUT I AM WORRIED ABOUT ROGER!

I UNDERSTAND! I'VE WANTED TO TALK TO ELMO FOR A LONG TIME!

DAD! LOOK! WHAT IS IT?

GREAT DAY! I DON'T KNOW! UNLESS...

MEANWHILE, SUN GIRL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

UH-H... NASTY BLOW! HM M... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME TO BE TAKING *NAPS!*

I'LL DESTROY THE MAGNET-MACHINE BEFORE THAT HORROR DRIVES YOU *MAD!*

I'M SORRY, ROGER! THE COSMIC SPHERE WISHES IT THIS WAY!

OH! I'M TOO LATE TO STOP HIM!

AGHHH!

BANG! BANG!

YOUR CRAZED, TWISTED MIND BACKFIRED, ELMO! YOU'RE MIXED UP WITH MURDER!

WHA... YOU AGAIN?

DON'T YOU DARE TRY TO USE THAT GUN ON *ME*, BUDDY!

UGHH!

WHAP!

INEZ! THE MAGNET-MACHINE... UH-H... TURN MAIN SWITCH OFF... SKY-SPHERE NEEDS BEAM TO LIVE HERE... *HURRY!* OH-HH!

YES, ROGER!

UH-OH! THE SKY-SPHERE'S AWARE THAT INEZ IS GOING TO TURN OFF THE BEAM! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING *QUICK!*

SWIFTLY, SUN GIRL GETS INTO LOWE'S CAR! GEARS GRIND AS...

C'MON BABY... SHOW YOUR SPEED!

LET'S SEE IF THAT AWFUL TERROR LIKES TO BE RUN OVER!

THE WHIRLIKE ARM LASHES IN PAIN, INSTANTLY ENCIRCLING THE CAR...

UH-OH! WOMAN'S INTUITION TELLS ME TO GET OUT BEFORE THIS MATCHBOX IS *CRUSHED!*

IN THE ALIEN GRIP, THE CAR CRUMPLES LIKE CARDBOARD, AS SUN GIRL BARELY ESCAPES...

WOW! WHAT A STRANGLE-HOLD!

CRUNCH!

JUST THEN, THE GIGANTIC SPHERE SHUDDERS AS INEZ DRAWS THE MAIN SWITCH OPEN! THE CRUMPLED CAR IS RELEASED AS ALL THE ENERGY SEEMS TO LEAVE THE SPACE VISITOR...

GOOD GIRL, INEZ! PERHAPS IT WILL TAKE THE HINT AND LEAVE NOW!

LOOK, SUN GIRL! FROM ONE OF THE OTHER PORTHOLES... ANOTHER TENTACLE!

IT'S GOT ELMO!

STOP IT! THE SPHERE IS TAKING ME TO ITS HOME PLANET IN OUTER SPACE! STOP IT!

AS WE HAVE SEEN BEFORE, INEZ ATTEMPTS TO HALT SUN GIRL FROM ENTERING THE LAB! BUT SUN GIRL'S SURPRISE ATTACK DISARMS THE GIRL, AND...

THROW THE MAIN SWITCH ON, SUN GIRL! THAT OUGHT TO BRING IT BACK TO EARTH!

RIGHT!

THE MAGNET-MACHINE... IN RUINS!

WE CAN'T DO A THING NOW!

I WAS SO ANGRY WHEN I THOUGHT ROGER WAS DEAD, I DESTROYED THE MAGNET-MACHINE! BUT... ROGER IS ALIVE! HE DIDN'T DIE AND I'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE! THIS IS GOING TO BE A HARD STORY TO PUT ACROSS TO THEM!

I CAN JUST ABOUT SEE THE COSMIC SPHERE IN THE MOON'S PATH! IT MUST BE 10,000 MILES OUT BY NOW!

BUT THE MONSTROUS HORROR, THE METAL SPHERE IS IN ITSELF AN INSTRUMENT OF JUSTICE! BILLIONS OF MILES FROM THE EARTH IT FLOATS, A PRISON FOR THE STILL-LIVING SCIENTIST WHO BECAME CRAZED WITH AN EVIL DESIRE FOR POWER!

THE END

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COMIC GROUP

HI FRIENDS:

Lately there has been quite a debate about comics raging in the pages of the Saturday Review of Literature, one of America's most respected magazines. In an article, a Dr. Wertham discussed the problem of juvenile delinquency in America today, and pinned the blame for some of these cases on comic magazines, simply because many of the delinquent youngsters had read comics.

93% of all young people (from 8 to 16 years of age) read comics. Naturally a few young people get into some kind of trouble . . . so do a lot of older ones . . . and of course many of the kids who get into trouble do read comics. But what the article does not state is the fact that 93% of the boys and girls who get into *no trouble at all* also read comics.

Let us quote a letter from David Pace Wigransky, a 14 year old reader of comics, published in the July 24th issue of the Saturday Review:

". . . In none of these cases was it proved that reading comic books was the cause of the delinquency. A good many of the delinquents mentioned happened to be readers of comic magazines, just as are 69,999,975 perfectly healthy, happy, normal American boys and girls, men and women, who also read comics.

". . . It appears that his [Dr. Wertham's] $64 question to a child being psychoanalyzed is,'Do you read COMIC BOOKS, my little man?' Of course the juvenile delinquent, *being a normal child in at least that way,* will answer 'Yes'."

In other words, the case is just as we stated it above. Since almost all kids of any kind read comics, naturally some of the delinquents read comics too. But since the same percentage holds true among the millions of youngsters who have committed *no offense at all,* why not give the comics credit for the good influence they have been on these millions of healthy, normal kids, instead of just blaming them for our handful of delinquents?

Once again let us remind you to show our magazines or any of the other *good* comics, to people who criticize this form of entertainment. Show those people that your favorite magazines are not harmful. Let them see Dr. Thompson's endorsement on the first page of every one of our magazines, and prove to one and all that the comics you buy and read are *good for you.*

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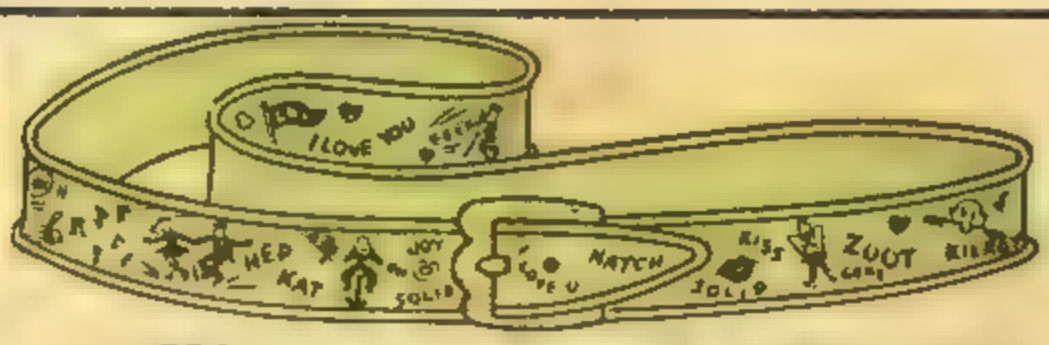

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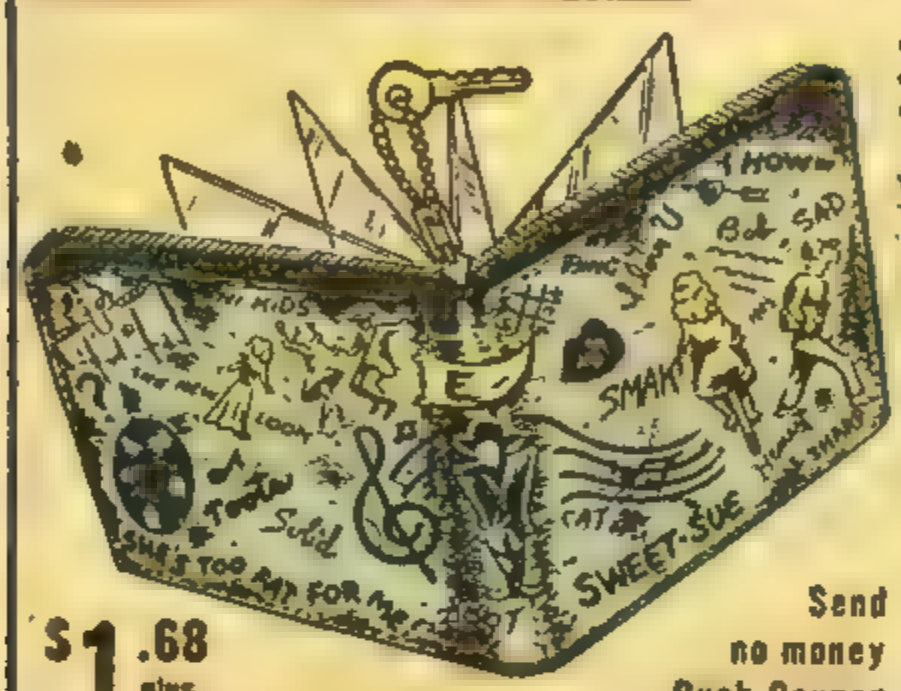

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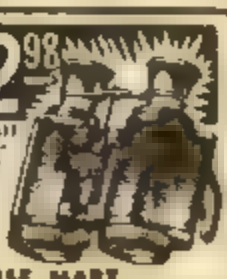

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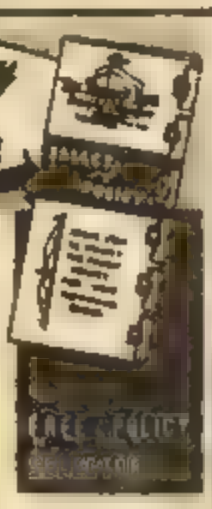

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ONE OF THESE MEN IS A KILLER! ONE OF THESE MEN IS WEARING A MASK OF DEATH... A MASK THAT MEANS TERROR TO ALL WHO LOOK UPON IT! THE INVENTION OF POP HERMANN, MEANT TO BE A SOURCE OF FUN AND AMUSEMENT, BECOMES AN INSTRUMENT OF CRIME! PLUNGE INTO HEADSTRONG ACTION WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA AS HE SEEKS TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE...

"DEATH MASK DANCE!"

3437

ONE DAY AT CLASS BREAK, AS STEVE ROGERS, BETTER KNOWN AS CAPTAIN AMERICA, LEAVES HIS CLASSROOM...

HMM... WONDER WHAT'S AILING BOB WILLS, LEE'S STAR PUPIL AND TRACKMAN? HE'S A BRIGHT LAD, BUT LATELY HIS STUDIES HAVE GONE TO SEED!

SCIE

YOU LOOK BEAT, BOB! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

WOMEN, MISTER ROGERS! *A WOMAN!*

BUT WHY WEIGH *YOU* DOWN WITH MY TROUBLES? BE SEEING YOU!

A WOMAN? HMMM HE MUST MEAN JESSICA HERMANN! COME TO THINK OF IT, HER ATTENDANCE AND SCHOLASTIC RECORDS ARE AS FRAIL AS BOB'S!

AND *THIS* IS THE WOMAN, JESSICA HERMANN, AS SHE SPEAKS TO HER FATHER IN HIS MASK AND COSTUME SHOP...

NOW, NOW, FATHER DEAR, YOU'VE SCOLDED ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY!

JESSICA! TAKE OFF DOT CRAZY MASK! UND ABOUT DOT SCHEMER, LEFTY...

HI, POP! HOW'S POP? GOOD TO SEE YOU, POP!

LEFTY!

SHTOP CALLING ME POP!

C'MON, BEAUTIFUL! GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT CORNY FACE!

EASY, LEFTY, OR YOU'LL TAKE MY MAKE-UP OFF!

SO LONG, POP! DON'T WAIT UP FOR JESSICA, POP! HA! HA!

I'LL BE HOME EARLY, DAD!

DON'T CALL ME "POP!"

A LITTLE LATER, MR. HERMANN HAS A VISITOR...

EXKOOSE ME, SIR, ISS IT A MASK YOU... OH! IT'S MISTER ROCHERS FROM DER SCHOOL!

YES, MR. HERMANN... I'M ONE OF JESSICA'S TEACHERS!

ACH! DOT JESSICA OF MINE! PERHAPS *YOU* CAN TALK TO HER, MR. ROCHERS! SHE USED TO BE SUCH A GOOT GIRL UNTIL SHE MET DOT SCHEMER... LEFTY!

AND OUTSIDE...

THERE GOES JESSICA WITH THAT SHARPER, LEFTY SPENCE!

LEFTY, JUST WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN? DAD HAS OFTEN ASKED ME, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL HIM!

INVESTMENTS, BABY DOLL! YEAH, I'M AN INVESTMENT BROKER! IN FACT, WE'RE GOIN' TO VISIT A CLIENT OF MINE NOW!

OH! HELLO, MR. SPENCE!

HI, CLINTON! PULL UP A CHAIR! THERE'S A MATTER I WANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU!

YOUR LOAN OF TWENTY GRAND IS TWO MONTHS OVERDUE, CLINTON! I DON'T LIKE TO BRING IT UP NOW, BUT...

I-I HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY!

YEAH? AND I HAVEN'T GOT ANY *PATIENCE!* THE MONEY, CLINTON! TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW NIGHT, OR YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY INTEREST!

SURE, LEFTY, SURE!

GEE, LEFTY! WEREN'T YOU A LITTLE HARD ON HIM?

THIS IS *BIG* BUSINESS, CUTIE KID! AND IN BIG BUSINESS YOU CAN'T SOFT-SOAP THE CUSTOMER! BUT FORGET IT! THERE'S A NEW REVUE AT THE EL MORO TONIGHT! LET'S GO!

THE NEXT EVENING...

THAT POOR WILLS BOY HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND THE MASK SHOP FOR AN HOUR WAITING FOR JESSICA! OH-OH! SHE'S COMING OUT NOW WITH A PACKAGE!

JESSICA! ARE YOU... ARE YOU GOING TO SEE LEFTY?

OHH! YOU FRIGHTENED ME, BOB WILLS! YES, I'M GOING TO SEE LEFTY! WHAT OF IT?

HE - HE'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU, JESSICA! I WANT...

BOB! MY ARM!

LET GO OF MY DOLL, KID!

ONE WAY

WHY DON'T YOU SCRAM, KID? BEAT IT! *VAMOOSE!*

OW!

SUDDENLY, AN OLD FAMILIAR FRIEND MAKES AN APPEARANCE! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HOLD IT, LEFTY! THE SAME APPLIES TO *YOU!* BEAT IT! VAMOOSE!

WHY... *CAPTAIN AMERICA!*

DOES *THIS* MAKE IT CLEAR?

POW!

YEOW!

WHY, YOU... THESE BRASS KNUCKLES SHOULD WIND UP YOUR CAREER IN A HOSPITAL!

YOU'RE *ONE* MONKEY WHO'LL MIND HIS BUSINESS FROM NOW ON!

COME ON, BABY DOLL... I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN AND *IF* THAT CLOWN WAKES UP/

B-BUT... LEFTY...

GOSH, CAPTAIN AMERICA/ I'M SORRY/

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SON! YOU CAN'T DUCK THEM ALL!

VOT GIFFS?

JESSICA TOOK VUN MASK FROM DER RACK! I DON'T UNDERSTAND/ MY POOR JESSICA MIT DOT SCHEMER.. LEFTY/

TOO BAD HE GOT AWAY FROM ME/ BUT MAYBE THAT HEEL WILL DIG HIS OWN GRAVE YET/

MEANWHILE, LEFTY STARTS TO DIG THAT GRAVE...

LEFTY! I'M BEGINNING TO BE AFRAID OF YOU!

AW, BABY DOLL, YOU'RE JUST NERVOUS! HERE, LET ME GET SOMETHING OUT OF THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT...

HERE! HANG ON TO THIS HEATER FOR A SECOND! GIVE ME THAT MASK YOU TOOK FROM POP'S PLACE AND SEE IF YOU CAN HOLD THE WHEEL STEADY WHILE I PUT IT ON/

OH/ A G-GUN/

THERE/ THANKS, SWEET-FACE/ STOP SHIVERING, KID... THIS IS ALL PART OF MY BIG BUSINESS/ AND NOW, *YOU'RE* IN IT/

ALL RIGHT, LEFTY...

BLINDED BY HER IMAGINED LOVE FOR LEFTY, [illegible]

I WON'T BE LONG... *HA-HA!* THIS JOKE'LL TAKE EXACTLY THREE MINUTES TO PULL, SWEET-DISH! JUST KEEP THAT MOTOR RUNNING!

OKAY, LEFTY/

OH... I HOPE I'M NOT MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

Hi, CLINTON! HOW'S YOUR NERVES TONIGHT... AND YOUR BANK ROLL?

WHAT? WHO ARE...?

WHO AM I? *HA!* LOOK...THE FACE UNDER THIS MASK SAYS YOU OWE ME *TWENTY GRAND!*

LEFTY SPENCE! YIPES, LEFTY... I-I COULDN'T GET THE MONEY!

NO HARD FEELINGS, CLINTON! HA! HA! WE COVERED YOU WITH TWO INSURANCE POLICIES TO THE TUNE OF TWENTY GRAND... PAYABLE TO LEFTY SPENCE..*REMEMBER?*

MISTER CLINTON... I...*OHH!*

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAL? NEVER SEEN A KILLER'S FACE BEFORE? TAKE A *GOOD* LOOK!

AND REMEMBER ME TO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! HA! HA!

AGHHH!

ALL RIGHT, LOVELY ONE! I COLLECTED MY DEBT... GET THE CAR ROLLING!

LEFTY! I HEARD *SHOTS!*

I-I HEARD GUNFIRE, LEFTY! I'M *TERRIBLY* AFRAID!

NOW, SWEET-FACE! TRY TO ACT LIKE THOSE MONKEYS... SEE NO EVIL...SPEAK NO EVIL...HEAR NO EVIL...*HA! HA!* THEN WE'LL GET ALONG *SWELL!*

LATER THAT NIGHT, STEVE ROGERS RETURNS TO HERMANN'S SHOP! AND AS THEY HAVE COFFEE, AWAITING JESSICA'S RETURN...

ACH! JESSICA HASS NEFFER SHTAYED OPP DISS LATE BEFORE!

I LEARNED THIS GUY LEFTY'S QUITE A LOAN-SHARK AND CHARGES A FORTUNE FOR INTEREST ON LOANS HE MAKES!

RING-A-LING-A-LING!

EXKOOSE ME... DOT MUST BE MY JESSICA!

STEVE ROGERS WATCHES AS...

HMM...SHE'S HANGING A MASK ON A PEG!

JESSICA, DOLLINK! VHERE HAFF YOU BEEN?

DAD...*OH!* GOOD EVENING, MR. ROGERS!

EVENING? MORE LIKE *MORNING!*

YES, DOLLINK! IT'S TIME I SHTOMP DER FOOT DOWN, UNDT...

OH... (SNIFF-SNIFF) PLEASE, DAD! I DON'T WANT TO BE QUESTIONED LIKE A *CHILD!* (BOO-HOO!)

POOR JESSICA SOMETINK UPSET HER!

THIS MASK SHE BROUGHT BACK LOOKS UPSETTING TOO! I'LL KEEP IT FOR A WHILE!

LATER

GOOD GRIEF! "MARK CLINTON, RESTAURATEUR, *MURDERED!* WAITER CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN HORRIBLE FACE OF MURDERER BEFORE BEING ATTACKED!" HMMM... I'D LIKE TO TALK TO THAT WAITER!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE MASK SHOP...

GOOD WORK, POP! *WONDERFUL!* THIS SKULL MASK'LL GO *SWELL* AT MY *COSTUME* PARTY, POP!

SHTOP CALLINK ME *POP!*

DER MASK CHUST COME OUDT OF DER MOLD! IT VILL SHRINK A LITTLE YET, UNDT... SAY, LEFTY... VHY DID JESSICA COME HOME CRYINK LAST NIGHT?

DUNNO, POP... AHHH... HERE'S GORGEOUS!

C'MON, SWEETS! SO LONG, POPS!

DOLLINK... *EARLY, PLEASE!*

YES, DAD!

THE GRIM MASQUERADE HAS BEGUN-WITH DEATH CALLING THE TURN!

MEANWHILE, IN A DOWNTOWN ROOMING HOUSE...

UGH! I'M WEARY! JUST BECAUSE I SAW THE MURDERER'S FACE, THOSE COPS HAVE BEEN QUESTIONING ME A NIGHT AND A DAY...

...HEY! CAPTAIN AMER... *NO! THAT FACE! THE KILLER!*

SORRY TO GRAY YOUR HAIR FOR A MOMENT, MURPHY! BUT I HAD TO BE SURE! WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

WHEW! IT *IS* YOU! WHAT A RELIEF!

SURE, CAP'N! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

LEFTY... I-I WANT TO GO HOME!

NA! LISTEN TO DOLL-FACE TALK! ONLY ELEVEN-THIRTY, AND SHE WANTS TO GO *HOME!*

LOOK, KID I KNOW WHAT'S EATING YOU/ YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO *HANG* ME/ BUT REMEMBER.. / KNOW HOW TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T *TALK!*

LEFTY! YOU'RE *THREATENING* ME/

YEAH! NO PIPSQUEAK DAME IS UH/ *H...HOT! THIS MASK!*

...*TIGHT!* (COUGH-COUGH/) *HELP!..CHOKE..UNH...AGHH!*

THE PARTY IS THROWN INTO WILD CONFUSION AS LEFTY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, GASPING/ THEN HIS BREATHING STOPS/

EEEEE! THE MASK *CHOKED* HIM TO DEATH/

OOOH! I MUST GET *OUT* OF HERE/

THEN, CAPTAIN AMERICA ENTERS...

GREAT GUNS! TOO LATE!

(SOB/) HE *DESERVED* IT/ *HE KILLED CLINTON!* (SOB/)

LATER, WHEN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY APPEARS.

...AND JESSICA WAS LEFTY'S UNWILLING TOOL/ THE MASK LEFTY WORE TONIGHT WAS *FRESHLY MOLDED*, AND SHRUNK TOO FAST AROUND HIS *NECK!*

OH/ HOW WRONG I WAS/ HOW TERRIBLY WRONG/

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER ..

SOCH A CHANGE IN MINE DOLLINK/ NOW I GO.. HOW YOU SAY.. *VHACKY?* VHACKY *MITT* DOT *BOB* CALLING ME POP/

HA! HA! SURE, *POP!* BUT THOSE TWO KIDS WILL HAVE THE BEST *SCHOLASTIC* RECORD FOR THE *TERM* IF THEY KEEP IT UP/

THE END

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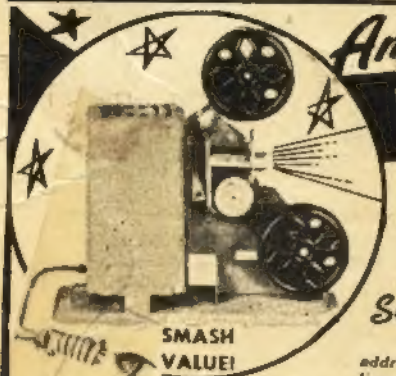

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